Prince. Fayth, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtalffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to do the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleeede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeauen yeares before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, & yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Prince. I doe.

Bar, What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Fal. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeares *(Hal)* I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermas thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was ſir *Iohn Braby* from your Father: you muſt goo to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North*, *Percy*; and hee of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the croſſe of a Welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falſ. *Owen, Owen*, the ſame, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprighly Scot of Scottes *Dowglas*, that runnes a horſe-back vp a hill perpendicular,

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtoll killes a Sparrow flying.

Fal.

Falſ. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falſ. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, he w runne.

Prince. Why what a raſcall art thou then, to prayſe h for running?

Falſ. A horſe-backe (ye cuckoe) but a foote hee wi budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Falſ. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, he is there too, an *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew Caps more. *Worceſter* is ſto way by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the n you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this buffeting hold, we ſhall buy Mayden-heads as they buy nailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſſe lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like we ſhall good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horri feard? thou being Heire apparant, could the world pick out three ſuch Enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afr doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfayth: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſ. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practi anſwere.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this Chaire ſhall be my State, this ger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a ioynd Stole, thy golden S ter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, pittifull bald Crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to m mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue w for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cu* vaine.